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First to Last-the Truth: News-Editorials

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The Slow and Costly Way

The argument made by Secretary Baker against an extension of the conscription age limits runs in a vicious circle. It is this:

The military situation in France compelled our government to run "many months ahead" of its "original hope" with regard to the transportation of men. (We benefited beyond our hopes in military preparation through the acceleration furnished by Ludendorff's offen-But having speeded up beyond our schedule, we may now excuse our-selves for lying back a little on our oars.

There may be less transatlantic tonnage available for troop transportation after July 1 if Ludendorff doesn't repeat his spring performances. Ships which have been carrying men may be assigned to carrying food. The flow of American soldiers to France may be checked. If it is checked the recruitment process here can also be slowed down. If the monthly calls are shaded off we can get through the summer and fall without exhausting the man-power furnished by the first draft. We may even have a surplus of 2,000 conscripts on January 1. Why bother at this time about creating a

fresh supply? The fallacy of this argument lies in making fluctuations in available tonnage the definite measure of our conscription needs. There is no immediate and controlling connection between them. Men are not registered one week, sent to camp the next week and shipped to France the following week. They must undergo some training. The more training they get here the less they will require in Europe. The reservoir here may be drawn on irregularly. But that is no

reason for not keeping it filled to the top. It is not filled now. We have less than 3,000,000 men under arms. Half of these may be in France by September. When the last man available under present legislation is called out we shall probably have less than 4,500,000 men under arms, provided the principle of selection is adhered to.

That is not enough. Losses have to be made good. And we ought to aim at maintaining the army at a minimum of tion or broaden the conscription limits.

Why postpone a decision? Time-the most precious thing in war-would be saved by changing the age limits now, for no one believes that Congress is going to abolish selection. The men called out could go ahead with their training while awaiting transportation. The character of the fighting in Europe has changed. Much of the old special technique of the trenches is out of date. Soldiers can be trained here almost up to

the point of entering the firing line. We must maintain a large reserve here in any event. Whether it runs at times above 1,500,000, 2,000,000 or even 2,500,-000 is not of enough consequence to split hairs over. The main thing is to have an ample supply ready to send to Europe when an emergency comes and troopships are provided, in quantity, just as they were provided this spring after Ludendorff became dangerous. We may have to send 5,000,000 or 6,000,000 men

to Europe before the war ends. It is economy to put every man we can raise into the campaigh of 1919. Delay now in expanding our draft machinery is bad military policy. For four years the Allies have been making war piecemeal. The results speak for themselves. That is the bungling and costly way to

Peace Shock A soldier who leaves the uproar of the front-line trenches for a rest far behind the line is glad enough to get there for many excellent reasons. But sleep is not the first blessing that comes to him. That is the testimony of many observers, latest among them the recently returned wife of an American correspondent quoted in "The Evening She found the blazing street lights and unshuttered houses and a moon all resplendent, with no sirens wailing, a real shock to her nervous system. She understood the point of view of the war correspondent who was kept awake by the crickets and nightingales at the château where he lived and who had to get back to the front amid the boom of guns to enjoy a good night's

Exaggeration? Not essentially, it would seem. Whatever the weaknesses of the human system, its power of adjustment to the most extraordinary and abnormal conditions is marvellous. The given to shippers the opportunity to co-

process takes time. But once accomplished the human being runs on amid the new and awful environment almost as comfortably and successfully as before. That is what adjustment means. But, of course, when the awfulness is removed and calm returns the process of adjustment must be undergone all

over again. Shell shock marks the failure of adjustment to the trials of war. It is perfectly conceivable that when it is all over something deserving the name of peace shock may develop among soldiers and civilians alike.

The French Flag

Every American has his Star-Spangled Banner by this time and has flown it. We shall all wish to fly it on the Fourth of July. We shall all wish to unite in making Independence Day a great celebration, of cheers for our men in uniform, of fresh dedication to the great cause for which our country fights.

But do not forget that the Independence Day of France is coming on July 14 and that it is to be celebrated from one end of our country to the other. Our oldest friend and ally is France. We long ago learned to love her. It is veneration that we have come to feel in these dark days of her trial, of her stanchness, of her indomitable courage.

We shall all need a Tricolor to float from our flag-poles on the 14th of July. No formal celebration will be complete without this general decoration. Its colors are the same as our own banner. It symbolizes the same aims, the same cause in this world war for civilization. It will be an honor to fly it on that great day of our ally as a token of our affection and in prophecy of her great victory to come.

Something

"Tests which have recently been applied in France and England to the latest American engine," reads an Associated Press dispatch from London, "have justified the prediction that it would prove a most valuable contribution to the Allied resources, and the United States can go ahead and push its production with every confidence."

The engine referred to is the Liberty motor, the most maligned war product of this country's industrial genius. Will Gutzon Borglum please attend? Only a year ago it was the opinion of many foreign experts that the Americans could not make airplane motors at all for lack of high mechanical skill. And the fact that American manufacturers talked of producing airplane motors in quantity, like automobile engines, by automatic machinery, only proved how little they knew about it. Now the foreign word is that the United States can go ahead and push production with confidence. The engine serves. It is something-nothing for us to boast of, but still something.

Canal Rates and Canal Use

Since the taking over of the barge canal system by the Federal government there has been much to-do over the question of rates and alleged exclusive operation which seems by no means warranted. A group of shippers-commercial bodies and individuals—is agitating for a reduction of rates to make the differential between rail rates and water rates equal to what it was before the canal was taken over. The canal rates, recently announced by Mr. Smith, regional di-5,000,000 men. If we are to reach that rector of Eastern railroads, are now lower than the railroad rates Rut the rates for water-borne freight do not include terminal charges, whereas the rail rates do, so the former are not so low as

The real point involved, it seems to us. is not the question of cost, important as that may be to shippers and the general public, but the question of use of the canal. The Federal government is building a fleet of barges. The State of New York, which had the opportunity to make an appropriation for a state fleet, and was urged to do so by Senator Sage, did nothing. Private interests which ordinarily would have built barges have been unable to do so because of high labor costs, inability to get material and the like. The net result is that the Federal government will have boats on the canal, hauling freight, where otherwise this tremendously expensive and important waterway would be used only scantily, and so would fail of its worth as an aid to the overburdened railroads of the coun-

General Wotherspoon, State Superintendent of Public Works, recently pointed out that Federal operation of the canal system was undertaken at the urgent request of the canal officials and commercial bodies of the state. Mr. Tomlinson, general manager of the New York canal section of the railroad administration, declares that the Federal government is not only not opposed to private operation of barges, but encourages it, in a couple of instances having sublet government barges to private operators. Moreover, it appears that while the rates fixed by the government are a maximum, there is nothing to prevent private operators from making lower rates if they choose, though the Administration expresses the hope that so far as possible private rates will be the same as those for government barges. Thus there is not, as yet, anything like a stoppage of real and genuine competition in canal operation or competition with the rail-

It is essential that the canal be used to the full extent of its carrying capacity. Every ton of water-borne freight relieves to just that extent the overtaxed railroad facilities of the country, which must be relied on for transport of troops, munitions and the like. The government, by building barges which could not otherwise be put on the canals, has

operate in this essential releasing of rail facilities. Low rates for shippers naturally would tend to develop extensive use of the canals, but failure to use them, whatever the rates-so long as they remain as low as rail rates-would. be to hamper the government in carrying out a vital point in its war programme.

The Best War Pictures

Do you read the "citations of the general commanding troops on the French front to which Americans are attached"? If not you are missing the best and most vivid accounts of the war that come under the sea. We say this with due regard and appreciation of those somewhat more detailed chroniclers, Philip Gibbs, of "The New York Times"; George Patullo, of "The Saturday Even-

ing Post," and our own Wilbur Forrest. Words are a scarce article with this distinguished author. The "general commanding" has the barest, stiffest facts before him, sets them down and lets it go at that. You have to use your imagination for the rest, exactly as before a vigorous sketch that omits all detail but hits you in the eye with the few essential strokes. As a matter of personal taste, we think the best of Monday's batch was the following:

"Sergeant R. R. Buckwalter-Wounded before a fight, insisted on going forward with his section; buried by a shell, remained at work until the end."

Maupassant seldom did better, and we feel inclined to back it against all the pages that Henri Barbusse ever wrote. A little more extravagant in the number of words, but almost as effective, is

"Private Axel Jermaison-Wounded, but refused to quit; acted as loader for automatic rifle until too weak to continue; ordered to the rear, picked up the rifle of a wounded man and fought in the trenches until the enemy was repulsed."

Or, if you want the more sensational achievement, the kind of thing that conservative souls feel "only happens in the movies," there is this:

"Private William R. Cox-For capturing seven German prisoners single-handed after advancing 300 yards into the woods ahead of his comrades." And the coldly literary point of view

is very difficult to maintain toward such an item as this: "Private Franklin P. West-Carried a message through a violent bombardment; told when he volunteered that he prob-

ably never would get through alive." It may be guessed from the citation that Private West did get through alive, and we are thankful accordingly. Could any writer, living or dead, add anything to this sufficient statement? We run over the list from Arthur Guy Empey back to Julius Cæsar and think not.

Saving at Both Ends

Discussing with the Merchants' Association its endeavor to prevent pollution of the Hudson River by trade wastes from mills along its banks, Conservation Commissioner Pratt has revealed a curious condition. The pollution of the river has cost the state much wealth through the loss of an important fishing industry. The sturgeon is gone; the striped bass and the shad are almost gone. Yet the trade wastes which have caused this loss to the state may themselves in many cases be made sources of profit to the manufacturers who now permit them to continue to kill off valuable fish life.

This is not a theoretical observation on the part of the Commissioner. In his endeavors to prevent stream pollution he has found many mill owners willing to cooperate with him. In two of these cases engineers and chemists devised means of handling the waste matter formerly discharged into the state's waters with a resultant profit. One company has managed to extract oil from the waste and to bake the solids into coke for its furnaces, so that although the investment was heavy 10 per cent return is paid on it. What these manufacturers have been able to do others equally farsighted and public spirited might well do. They should have a double incentive, for if they succeed they will make money for themselves and save for the state one of its valuable natural resources, now endangered-a resource especially important now, when fish is being relied on to take the place of meats in the war-time

Rejected

HEY said my lungs were leaky in the

seams. Like punctured bellows useless for their part:

They also found (to quash my patriot dreams) Some vagrant murmurs in my throbbing

They said that I would drop upon my track If I should march with wind-sound, heart-whole men.

There's but one worthy task for me-stay And fight the Germans with a fountain

Denied the chance to die!-to give my Though at the most I could but hope and

To stop a German bullet with my breast; To save some real man for another day.

Rejected! Men must be of sterner stuff Than I, to keep our banner free from blot. The silly shame of it-not good enough By some vile, vicious Prussian to be shot.

But still I fight-my pen is dipped in fire; Red words that sear the traitor souls who

Or noble thoughts so brave they will inspire Some careless, thoughtless one to worthy H. VARLEY.

The Aftermath of the

Italian Victory

By Frank H. Simonds

The decisive turn of the Piave contest came last Saturday and such immediate consequences as were to be expected by reason of Italian victory may fairly be estimated to have been developed by the present time. Therefore, it is of utmost interest and significance to note that, having pushed a beaten foe across the Piave. Italy has declined to venture upon an offensive of her own at this time, and in a measure, at least, has resumed the

Such a surprising course must require explanations which have not yet been made. Given the extent of the victory and the degree of disarray, however temporary, resulting in Austrian ranks, Diaz's troops might have been expected to go at least as far as the Tagliamento and clear the Austrians out of half of occupied Venetia. Moreover, we are pretty well informed that Austria, as far back as last winter, prepared her main line of resistance to any Italian offensive behind the Tagliamento.

What, then, is the meaning of the Italian strategy? A great offensive has been repulsed with terrific losses and it has manifestly resulted in further weakening the morale of the army of a nation whose civilian morale is notoriously low. Such reports of the Battle of the Piave as we have show that at the end the Austrians retired in a disorder which at certain points approximated a rout, leaving guns, prisoners and material behind them. Why were they not pursued east of the Piave and at all hazards?

Probably because the Italian High Command recognized that there was gathering a new thrust in the Trentine Mountains, probably because it learned of a hasty concentration of German divisions on the north of Asiago and in the upper Brenta Valley. As it looks now, only onehalf of the Austrian blow was delivered. In the mountains the fighting never reached the severity or the extent which it had in the plain. From many different sources comes the suggestion that the enemy troops in the mountains were awaiting a certain measure of progress in the plain before they struck, and that progress never came.

But this would leave the threat still standing and it would make a wide swinging pursuit of the Austrians in the plain rerilous while there was still concentrated upon the exposed and dangerous flank of Italian armies the masses of troops in the Trentino and the upper Piave Valley.

It is always essential to keep in mind the relation of the geography to the strategy of any campaign in Venetia. Austria holds all but a thin edge of the high ground north of the great plain. Last year she almost pushed the Italians off this thin edge. If she can ever accomplish this feat then the Italians will have to retire to the Adige, and if they are not able to retire swiftly from their Piave positions between Montello and the sea they will suffer a great disaster, because their main lines of communications in their rear will be cut.

This is the essential vice of the Italian position; it was a far greater weakness when the Italians were strung out all the way in a broad circle from the Dolomites to the Julian Alps and from Caporetto to the sea, because then, while Italian lines of retreat to safety behind the Adige were more than a hundred miles long, the Austrians were always within a scant dozen miles of these communications. This was what made the offensive of June, 1916, which coincided with the Verdun attack, so serious. This was what made the Isonzo disaster at Caporetto last year so dangerous.

Now that the Italians are behind the Piave they have less than twenty miles to clear while the enemy is advancing half that amount, and therefore they are reasonably sure to get away, even if their hill positions are forced. But if they should push east again, with the same old menace still standing in the mountains, the further they get east the greater the peril for them of any successful push of the Austrians out of the hills and toward the Verona-Vicenza-Treviso railway. Only when the threat in the hills has been eliminated can Diaz go east safely.

As it stands the Italians have all the best of it in their present position. They have interior lines and can move reserves rapidly from a central point either north against the Trentino threat or east against any attack coming from the Piave direction. The Austrians cannot move troops from the mountains to the plain or from the plain to the mountains without transporting them over two hundred miles of railroad via Villach. They have to be strong on two flanks to avoid an overwhelming attack on one, while the Italians have all their troops concentrated and immediately available on either flank.

Conceivably Diaz has merely paused to organize an offensive. Not impossibly the extent of his success surprised him. But the more convincing reason for his failure to exploit his victory further would seem to be an accurate and rational appraisal of the dangers that remain. The time to pass to the offensive in his calculations may be only when the Austrians in the mountains have also made their thrust and failed. This would be the more reasonable if he has information of the gathering of German troops in this quarter.

But in any event we see now that the Austrian defeat can hardly be transformed into a Jena; the Austrian retreat does not recall in extent or haste the retreat of the Germans from the Marne. The Italians do not seem to have undertaken any very serious attempt to press the Austrians far beyond the east bank of the Piave, and the situation seems to be for bread and then give him a stone.

TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE



stabilizing itself on approximately the lines of the two armies before the Austrians launched their attack. If this condition prevails then our estimate of the Italian victory at the Piave will have to be that it was a magnificent defensive battle, followed by a prudent refraining from any dangerous offensive until the inevitable second enemy blow had been parried. This does not diminish the brilliance of the Italian achievement; this does not lessen its value at this time, but it should lead to caution in predicting an immediate collapse of Austrian

The Piave was a defensive victory of proportions vastly greater than First Ypres. It saved Venice and Venetia and it gave new hope and confidence to all the Allied publics. But it was not, so far as one can now see, a decisive battle in the sense of destroying the defeated army or driving it out of the ground it occupied before the battle began, and in this it suggests an obvious our own Gettysburg. We have had to wait a week to be sure of this, but all indications now at hand point to a resumption by the Italians of the defensive for the time being, and there are many signs pointing to a new enemy assault, this time furnished with a German spearhead, as in the Caporet-

The Hearst Within Our Gates (Issued by the Vigilantes)

VIII

Hearst Aroused Dislike of England

"If you want our food and wealth sent abroad to help suffering England buy a Liberty bond, furnish the sinews of war. -New York American, May 25, 1917.

Mr. Hearst controls the following publiations, with a total average daily circulation of 2,572,885 for the Hearst newspapers and a total average circulation per issue of 2,281,627 for the Hearst magazines.

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The Atlanta Georgian
The Atlanta American
The San Francisco Examiner
The Los Angeles Examiner
The Los Angeles Examiner
The Myork Deutsches Journal (discontinued
April 21, 1918)

Magazines:
The Cosmopolitan
Good Housekeeping
Harper's Bazar Good Housekeepi Harper's Bazar Hearst's Motor Motor Boating Puck

The Vicious Tip

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: Regarding your forceful editorial,

The Vicious Tip," accept congratulations. Can you put before the public an article denouncing the outrageous necessity for our soldiers to give these slackers tips for holding their military caps while lunching or dining in hotels? I have just returned from Washington,

and daily witnessed these army men handing out tips for a service that to me should be gratuftous. It should be an honor for any man not in uniform to hold the cap of one of our noble men. What a fine thing it would be if all the

hotels would banish the tip where a military man is concerned! They are giving enough without being subjected to the present day MRS. E. B. ROBINSON. New York, June 23, 1918.

The Bible in Austria (From The Washington Post) Vienna rioters ask the Austrian Premier

The Czar's Soliloguy

(From The North American Review of March, 1905) FTER the Czar's morning bath it is his habit to meditate an hour before dressing himself. - London Times Correspondence.

(Viewing himself in the pier-glass.) Naked, what am I? A lank, skinny, spiderlegged libel on the image of God! Look at the waxwork head-the face, with the expression of a melon-the projecting earsthe knotted elbows-the dished breast-the knife-edged shins-and then the feet, all beads and joints and bone-sprays, an imitation X-ray photograph! There is nothing imperial about this, nothing imposing, impressive, nothing to evoke awe and reverence. Is it this that a hundred and forty million Russians kiss the dust before and worship? Manifestly not! No one could worship this spectacle, which is Me. I: it is my clothes. Without my clothes I should be as destitute of authority as any other naked person. Nobody could tell me from a parson, a barber, a dude. Then who is the real Emperor of Russia? My clothes. There is no other.

Titles-another artificiality-are a part of his clothing. They and the drygoods conceal the wearer's inferiority and make him seem great and a wonder, when at bottom there is nothing remarkable about him. They can move a nation to fall on its knees and sincerely worship an Emperor who, without the clothes and the title, would drop to the rank of the cobbler and be swallowed up and lost sight of in the massed multitude of the inconsequentials; an Emperor who, naked in a naked world, would get no notice, excite no remark and be heedlessly shouldered and jostled like any other uncertified stranger, and perhaps offered a kopek to carry somebody's gripsack; yet an Emperor who, by the sheer might of those artificialities-clothes and a title-can get himself worship as deity by his people, and at his pleasure and unrebuked can exile them, hunt them, harry them, destroy them, just as he would with so many rats if the accident of birth had furnished him a calling better suited to his capacities than empering.

There is no power without clothes. It is the power that governs the human race. Strip its chiefs to the skin, and no state could be governed; naked officials could exercise no authority; they would look (and be) like everybody else - common-place, inconsequential. A policeman in plain clothes is one man; in his uniform he is ten. Clothes and title are the most potent thing, the most formidable influence, in the earth. They move the human race to willing and spontaneous respect for the judge, the general, the admiral, the bishop, the ambassador, the frivolous earl, the idiot duke, the sultan, the king, the emperor. No great title is efficient without clothes to support it.

(After a silence.) A curious invention, an unaccountable invention - the human race! The swarming Russian millions have for centuries meekly allowed our Family to rob them, insult them, trample them underfoot, while they lived and suffered and died with no purpose and no function but to make that Family comfortable! These people are horses-just that-horses with clothes and a religion.

A strange thing, when one considers it: to wit, the world applies to Czar and System the same moral axioms that have vogue and accepance in civilized countries! Because in civilized countries it is wrong to remove oppressors otherwise than by process of law, it is held that the same rule applies in Russia, where there is no such thing as law-except for our Family. Laws are merely restraints—they have no

other function. In civilized countries they restrain all persons, and restrain them all alike, which is fair and righteous: but in Russia such laws as exist make an exception-our Family. We do as we please; have done as we pleased for centuries. Our common trade has been crime, our common pastime murder, our common beverage blood-the blood of the nation. Upon our heads lie millions of murders. Yet the pious moralist says it is a crime to assassinate us. We and our uncles are a family of cobras set over a hundred and forty million rabbits, whom we torture and murder

and feed upon all our days; yet the moralist urges that to kill us is a crime, not It is not for me to say it aloud, but to one on the inside-like me-this is naïvely funny; on its face, illogical. Our Family is above all law; there is no law that can reach us, restrain us, protect the people Then who is it, what is it, that they wor-ship? Privately, none knows better than laws are proper marks for any one's bullet Ah! what could our Family do without the moralist? He has always been our stay, our support, our friend; to-day he is our only friend. Whenever there has

been dark talk of assassination, he has come forward and saved us with his impressive maxim, "Forbear: nothing politically valuable was ever yet achieved by violence." He probably believes it. It is because he has by him no child's book of world-history to teach him that his maxim lacks the backing of statistics. All thrones have been established by violence; no regal tyranny has ever been overthrown except by violence; by violence my fathers set us our throne; by murder, treachery, perjury, torture, banishment and prison they have held it for four centuries, and by these same arts I hold it to-day. There is no Romanoff of learning and experience but would reverse the maxim and say, "Nothing politically valuable was ever yet achieved except by violence." In time, into even the soldier's breast

-fatal day, day of doom, that! . . . By and by, there will be results! How little the academical moralist knows of the tremendous moral force of massacre and assassination! . . Indeed there is going to be results. The nation is in labor; and by and by there will be a mighty birth —PATRIOTISM! To put it in rude, plain, unpalatable words true patriotism, real patriotism: loyalty, not to a Family and a fiction, but loyalty to the nation itself!

. . . There are 25,000,000 families in Russia. There is a man-child at every mother's knce. If these were 25,000,000 patriotic mothers they would teach these man-children daily, saying: "Remember this, take it to heart, live by it, die for it if necessary: that our patriotism is mediaval, outworn, obsolete; that the modern patriotism, the true patriotism, the only rational patriotism, is loyalty to the Notion all the time; loyalty to the government when it deserves it." With twentyfive million taught and trained patriots in the land a generation from now, my successor would think twice before he would butcher a thousand helpless poor petitioners humbly begging for his kindness and

It is a picture! To think that this thing in the mirror-this vegetable-is an accepted deity to a mighty nation, an innumerable host, and nobody laughs; at the same time is a diligent and practical professional devil, and nobody marvels, nobody murmurs about incongruities and in-Was it devised and patched together in a dull time when there was nothing more important to do? Has it no respect for itself? . . . I think my respect for is drooping, sinking—and my respect for myself along with it. . . There is but one restorative—clothes! I will put them so

justice, as I did the other day.